Makes ſpeede to catch the Tigre. Booteleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.
Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions. Let me goe:
Or if thou followe mee, do not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe, in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,
You doe me miſchiefe. Fy *Demetrius.*
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue ſo well.
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph. Ere he do leaue this grou
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it mee.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanopi'd with luſhious woodbine,
With ſweete muſke roſes, and with Eglantine:
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Luld in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammeld ſkinne,
Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in.
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue:
A ſweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue,
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes.
But doe it, when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Ladie. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prooue

Mo

More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue:
And looke thou meete me ere the firſt Cocke crowe.
Pu. Feare not my Lord: your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tytania *Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*

Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong:
Then, for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muſk roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their lethren wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now a ſleepe:
Then to your offices, and let mee reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted Snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehoggesbe not ſeene,
Newts and blindewormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our ſweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our louely lady nigh.
So good night, with lullaby.

1. *Fai.* Weaning Spiders come not heere:
Hence you long legd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere:
Worme nor ſnaile doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

2. *Fai.* Hence away: now all is well:
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doeſt wake,
Doe it for thy true loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,

Pard,